their own homes. There were drawing rooms with easy chairs and lounges, bedrooms big enough for wide and home-like beds, writing desks with every facility for correspondence, bathrooms with hot and cold water, individual electric lights which could be turned on or cut off at pleasure, some of them with ground-glass shades that softened the light for reading or writing in coses nooks and corners; a dining car equipped with everything to tickle the daintiest palate or satisfy the heartlest appetite, libraries, smoking rooms, and what not-in a sentence, all the luxurious surroundings of one of the great New York and Chicago limited trains, with the hundred additions that brainy railroad men. with carte bianche as to expense, could think of, The only trouble was that the journey was

so short that the resources of the centennial train could not be put to the test. GOING TO SLEEP ABOARD.

It was but a little past 11 o'clock when the President and Mrs. Harrison, Private Secretary and Mrs. Halford, Mrs. McKee, and Miss Curphy of the Presidential household; Secretaries Windom and Rusk and the ladies of their families. Mr. Walker Blaine and his two sisters, the Supreme Court Justices, army and nasy officers, and Mesers, John Jay, Edward Cooper, Seth Low, O. B. Potter, John A. King of the Transportation Committee, and the other invited guests completed their tour of the train from the locomotive to the President's flower-bedecked car in the rear. Proparations were immediately begun for ctirement for the night. The train was still standing in the Washington depot waiting for the passing of Sunday in accordance with the the sident's request. Half of the cars were outide of the station, and their occupants, as they took their last look out of doors for the night, were disheartened to see that the rain was will dringing from the leaden clouds overhead. Gloomy predictions of a rainy to-moryour wore interchanged as the shades were drawn and the lights turned out for the night. DAIN AND SNOW ENCOUNTERED.

It was 1 o'clock A. M. when Mr. Boyd gave the word to go, and the heavy train of nine l'allman cars was started on the journey. The President and his travelling companions had then been in bed for an hour and a half. No attempt was made at extra speed. The schedule did not call for fast time, and the comfort of the sleeping passengers was the object in view. Baltimore was reached in an hour. The night was dark, and it was still raining. It was between 3 nn 4 o'clock when the train reached Wilmington. There was still a drizzling rain and it was colder. A few minutes after leaving Wilmington a genuine snow storm was encountered, which lasted for several minutes. The snow meited as it fell, but Mr. Platt, who was riding on the locomotive, says that it pelted down like hall for a time.

MR. WANAMAKER STEPS ON Philadelphia was reached a little before five o'clock. It was still gently raining. The train did not run into the Broad street station, but stopped just outside at Powellton avenue. where a smooth-faced gentleman, in well-fitting black clothes and black gloves, stood in the gloom among a group of train men and yard men. He came forward, said he was Postmuster-General John Wanamaker. was immediately escorted to a section that had been reserved for him in the car next to the President's, Mr. Wanamaker had had a iong and fatiguing Sunday with his attendance at church services at Bethany Sunday school, but looked as bright as a button. 'lie said he had been up since half-past three o'clock. There was prospect of only an hour's sleep, but he availed himself of that.

MORNING. There were light streaks on the western horizon as the train sped away toward Trenton. They gradually took on a reddish tinge, and it was still gently raining. The weatherwise trainmen said the signs were ominous of a rainy day.

The sky was lighter and brighter as the train olled past the little station of Tacony. A few arly stirring patriots were out in the drizzle, and an old cannon boomed out a salute that woke the President out of one of the short and ... umerous naps that he had enjoyed in the precolling six hours, and he began to make his t liet for the day.

It was now daybreak. There was still a spatter of rain on the car windows, but the sun was surely beginning to assert his supremacy. and the travellers were cheerful.

Trenton was reached on schedule time, o'clock. The town was barely awake, and did not do itself proud. A few small flags were to be seen here and there, a small cannon on the bridge thundered out a salute, and 200 or 300 people at the station tried to pear curiously into the car windows for a glimpse of the invisible President, but there was no cleam of old Revolutionary fires such as the travellers saw further on at old Elizabethtown.

A TRAVELLER'S BREAKFAST NOWADAYS. Creakfast was ready in the dining car "Continental" at 6. The President and his companions were to breakfast with Gov. Green at Elizabeth later on, but the other guests sat down in the dining car to this bill of fare.

BREAKFAST. PRITEY. Strawberries with Cream. Indian River Oranges. Bananas Apples. Oatmest and Cream. English Breakfast Tea. BREAD,

Hot Rolls. Corn Muffins. red Toast. Cream Toast. Graham and Oatmeal Wafers OTSTERS. Broiled Delaware Shad. Broiled Whiterish. Shad Roe.

BROILER. Spring Chicken. Snipe on Toast.
Tenderion Steak, plain,
with linearrooms or Tomato Sauce.
Steak. Breasfast Racon.
Lamb Chops, plain or with Tomato Sauce.

Codfish Balls. FRIED. Country Sansage. EGGS. tolled. Fried. Shirred. Scrambles Omelets, plain, with Ham, Parsier, Jelly, or Rum.

Cucumbers. Radishes. Sliced Tomatos POTATOES.

Raked. Fried. Stewed. New Potatoes in Cream. Table Water from the Silurian Springs, Wankeshe. At Trenton ex-Senator Sewell's private car was attached to the train. The occupants of the car, besides Mrs. Sewell and the General, were Gov. Green, Gen. Stryker, Miss Sewell, Mrs. Stryker, Mrs. Barnard, Mrs. Loe. Miss Warren, Missi Sarah Sewell, Miss Heyl, Miss Grubb, Miss Green, Robert Sewell. W. J. Sewell, Jr., Senator Cattell, and Mr. Bete; the Rev. Dr. Hamill. Col. Stockton, Mr. Green, Gen. Grubb, Col. Donnelly and Capt. Skirm, members of the New Jersey Centennial

Committee, and Senator Crammer and Col. Chambersof the Legislative Committee. The newcomers had to wait for several minutes before the President and Mrs. Harrison were ready to receive them.

AT THE JOURNEY'S END. The train did not stop between Trenton and Elizabeth, but there were flage and torpedoes and pistol shots and other centennial gleams

and pistol shots and other centennial gleams all along the route. At Rahway there was a great display of bunting and 300 or 400 people cheered the passing train.

Everybody knew when the boundaries of old lievolutionary Elizabethtown were reached long before the train was stopped. The approach of the centennial sneeds train had been announced by telegraph, and as it was sighted in the distance the bells began to ring, cannot be medically a sight of the centennial sneeds train had been announced out a welcome, and streamers fluttered from distant church spires.

It had coased raining at last and the sun was breaking through the watery-looking clouds with a brilliancy that gave promise of fair skies. There was a nighty hurrah from hundreds of particit through the train rolled past a very rigid line of juvenile continents in buff breaches and waistcosts and shad-belly coats, standing at present arms, and came to a stop.

BLIZABETH'S MORNING WELCOME. derseymen Do Thomselves Proud Passing the President On to Town.

The first official gun of the celebration was fired in Elizabeth at 7% A. M., when the train was sighted miles away from the Elizabeth station gliding over the polished rails at lightning speed. Twenty-one times the gun boomed

its saiute, and immediately afterward all the

church bells were ringing. An immense crowd, apparently the entire population of the town. had been vascillating between the depot and Gov. Green's residence from 5 in the morning and some enthusiasts had not gone to bed at all.



THE ARRIVAL AT PLIZABETH When President Harrison appeared on the front platform of his car, accompanied by Gov. all the enthusiasm that had been latent in the Elizabethan breast found vent in round after round of cheers. Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. McKee were the only other persons who left the train at this time. They followed closely upon the President and Gov. Green and were also theered to the echo.

President Harrison was rather pale, but otherwise appeared in good condition. He wore a gray overcoat over his conventional black suit. and the omnipresent beaver was pushed slightly back from his forehead. Gov. Green stepped down first, and handed Mrs. Harrison down. An open carriage that had been in waiting drove up close to the train, and Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. McKee were helped in. They took the front seat, facing the other. When President Harrison stepped on to the station platform the crowd frantically endeavored to push through the line of the police to get nearer to him, and he was hustled about in a very lively manner for a few seconds. He managed to tumble into the carriage, however. and Gov. Green quickly followed him.

ALL AT GOV, GREEN'S. The carriage drove across the tracks to Broad street, and went up Broad to West Jersey street. The carriage turned up here to Cherry street, where Gov. Green's residence is. The Rev. F. M. McAllister, Marshal Halsey. and the Hon, Amos Clark acted as a guard on horseback, and a reception committee com-posed of decendants of Revolutionary soldiers received the party at the house. A mass of men, women, and children followed the carriage and saw the party alight at the Governor's residence. In the mean time the train moved out past the depot and stopped half way between it and Elizabethport. Some time later Chief Justice and Mrs. Fuller and United States Justices Field and Blatchford alighted from fit and drove in two carriages to Gov. Green's. Vice-President and Mrs. Morton arrived from ex-Congressman John Kean's residence at 8:10. The crowd did not recognize them and there was no cheering. Mrs. Morton carried a bunch of apple blossoms. BREAKPAST AMID ROSES,

Gov. Green's residence had been appropriately decorated without and within. Fings and bunting almost hid the olive painted house, On the lawn facing Cherry street in the rear of the house was a large reviewing stand, solidly built and with a seating capacity of 500. The Governor's staff, aided by the local police. acted as a guard around the house and grounds. The interior of the house, always a tasteful and beautiful house, had been transformed into a flower garden. The perfume of roses filled every room. Plants and vases filled with the choicest flowers occupied every nook from the attic to the cellar, and the dining room was a bower of roses. The seventeen persons who eat down to breakfast at 7% surrounded a circular table in the centre of which was a bank of La France and Marechal Niel roses. Mrs. Green did the honors. At her right sat President Harrison and at her left Vice-President Morton. Harrison sat at Gov. Green's right and Mrs. Morton at his left. The remaining seats were occupied by Chief Justice Fuller and Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. McKee, Gov. Benver of Pennsylvania and Mrs. Beaver, Gov. Lee of Virginia, United States Justices Field and Blatchford, General and Mrs. Sewell, and the Rev. Dr. Davis of Trenton. The latter offered a blessing. The breakfast consisted of strawberries, brook trout, fried chicken, French chops, broiled steak, muffins, tea biscuit, corn bread, coffee

JERSEY GETS THE FIRST RECEPTION. The limited time at the President's disposal did not allow of any lingering, and by 85 o'clock the party adjourned from the table to the parlors. A large number of prominent citizens and residents of other parts of New Jersey had been invited to meet President Harrison and Vice-President Morton, and they had begun to arrive before this. The President and Vice-President held an informal reception in the parlor. The guests were received by Gov. and Mrs. Green, and then introduced to the President and Mr. Morton. Mr. R. S. Green, Jr., the Governor's son, was master of ceremonies, and was aided by Col. C. C. Suydam, Chauncey G. Parker, and J. L. Boggs of Newark. Among the persons who thus met the Fresident were: persons who thus met the Fresident were:

Gen and Mrs John Watts Kearuy, Adj. Gen and
Mrs Stryker, Gen R. W. Spencer, Gel and Mrs Rafus
King, Col. and Mrs. G. B. M. Harvey, Mayor and Mrs John
J. Grier, Col. and Mrs. Charces W. Thomas, Col. and
Mrs John Van Cleve, Col. and Mrs John Owen, Col.
Mrs John Van Cleve, Col. and Mrs John Owen, Col.
Je Lenny G. Walter, Gen Metill, Col. and Mrs.
Louis Perrins, Gen Wilson, Mccill, Col. and Mrs.
Louis Perrins, Gen Wilson, Mr and Mrs Bayand Stock
Louis Perrins, Gen Wilson, Mr and Mrs Bayand Stock
Louis Perrins, Gen Lenn, and Mrs Robert F. Stockton,
Mr. and Mrs. S. K. Wilson, Mr and Mrs Bayand Stock
Lon, Col. F. II. Wright, the Ron and Mrs F. K. Figb.
The Hon. Richard Stockton, the Hon Courtinnit Parker,
Chancellor Mccill, Dr. William Pancoast, Gen E. Bruch
Thomas J. Kinner, and the Rev. James Corrigan, brother
of the Archbishop

ELIZABETH'S REVIEW. ELIZABETH'S REVIEW,

chocolate, tea, and wine.

The reception ended at 9 o'clock, and five ninutes later President Harrison and Gov. Green stepped out of the main entrance of the house on to the lawn. The 500 persons who had received admission to the reviewing stand stood up and cheered, and this was the signal or cheering through masses that blocked the adjacent streets. President Harrison climbed up on to the stand, and was followed by Gov. Green, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. McKee, Vice-Prestdent Morton and Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Green, Gov. Lee, and Gov. Beaver. This time Mr. Morton was recognized, and received his share of the cheers. All remained standing on the ront of the stand, and this compelled all those behind them to stand also. It required some ninutes for the procession to form. It had been intended to have the City Troop of Philadelphia follow Marshal Halsey and his alds. but this arrangenment was prevented by their on-appearance. At a late hour on Sunday Gen. Grubb telegraphed that his men would not come, as the State of Pennsylvania had refused to pay the transportation expense Their place was not filled. The parade started at 9:20. This was the order:

Marshal and Aids. PIRST DIVISION. Lieut-Col. R. F. Lee commanding.

Biad of Third Begiment. N. G. N. J.

Company C. Phil Rearny fund. Captain and Brevot
Major W. H. Deltart.

Company B. Capt. Olibert S. Cook.

Company B. Capt. Olibert S. Cook.

Company B. Capt. Joseph Kay.

Company D. Capt. J. B. F. King.

Veteran Zonavas. Brevot Big. Gen. J. Madison Drake. SECOND DIVISION.

Department Commander W. B. E. Miller commanding
Department Staff.
35 G. R. Posta
3 Camps Sons of Veterans.

THE PERSIDENT JOINS THE PROCESSION. At this point the President left the stand and entering a carriage with Gov. Green, fell into the line. A long line of carriages followed. Vice-President Morton, Mayor Grier Gen. Stryker, and Gen. William J. Sewell oc cupied the second carriage. Ex-Governors of New Jersey Price, Bedle, and Abbett, and ex-Congressman Amos Clark occupied the third. The fourth contained President Werts of the State Sonate, Speaker Robert S, Hudspeth Courtlandt Parker, and Benj. F. Lee. United States Senator Rufus Blodgott, Congressmen Bergen, Buchanan, and Geisenheimer were in the fifth. Following came Congressmen Sam uel Fowler, Hermann Leblbach, and C. D. Beck with.

These carriages were flanked on each side by carriages containing representatives of the i

Society of the Cincinnati, Loyal Legion, Grand Army of the Republic, Washington Associa-tion, New Jersey Historical Society, and Sons of the Revolution. This was the guard of honor. The rest of the carriages contained the State Centennial Committee and the in-

vited guests. The remaining divisions had been stretched along the route of the parade on either side o the street, so that the Presidential party passed between them. After the carriage passed these divisions re-formed and followed. They were:

THIRD DITISION.

Aid S. I. Moore, Jr., commanding.
Cavalry, Capt. J. I. Hammill.
Mand.
Odd Fellows.
Junior Order United American Mechanics.
Platt Deutsch Verein.
Band.
Uniform Rank, Knights of Pythias Col. Wilson commanding.
Boys in Continental Uniform to represent the Original States.
Lafayette Guards in Continental Uniform, Capt. H. S.
Heid. Knights of St. John, Capt. Edward Olmstead. FOURTS DIVISION.

Cavalry, Capt. George Bennett commanding.
Urum Corps.
Ancient Order of Hibernians, John Haggerty commanding.
FITH DATASSON.

Agricultural Society of Union County, Dennis C. Crans commanding.

Piremen, Chief Engineer William J. Mahoney.

Assistant Chief Engineers Louis C. Neu, George Rabig
and ten companies. SEVENTH DIVISION.

olored Cirirens, Major Josiah Richardson commanding. Cavairy, Count Lee Uh. de Balesky demmanding. Four stalwart colored citizens marched with the President's carriage. Every soldier and every civil parader seemed fully imbued with the spirit of the occasion, and there was not one to be seen who did not walk firm and erect through the sticky red Jersey mud. The line of march was through Cherry street to Rahway avenue to Broad street to East Jersey street. to Spring street, to Elizabeth avenue, to First street, to East Jersey street, to Front street. PICTURES OF 100 YEARS AGO.

Decorations along the route were profuse, and there were also curious representations and scenes without end. The honest Jersey farmer never shone to greater advantage. He was, of course, the back bone of the Fifth division, and he had laid himself out to show the President what his predecessor, George Washington, had looked upon when he made the same trip 100 years ago. There were Indians in full war paint and headdress and Indians smoking the pipe of peace, There were jolly Squires, the original makers of apple jack, with red faces and wonderful smiles. Floats showing the interiors of the farm houses of Revolutionary times, and many curious old-time farming implements were numberless. One of these floats, labelled "Lingering Thoughts of the Old Homestead," was a perfect picture of an old farm house kitchen. A skye terrier looked out of a kennel on this same float, and over the kennel was the name "Ben Harrison." There were fully 100 Indians, hunters, and conti-nental farmers on horseback.

AN ARCH OF GIRLS SHOWERS FLOWERS. The Presidential party passed under three arches. One of these whs without question the finest and pretifest of the centennial. It was called the "Living Arch," and nothing could be seen except a mass of pretty little girls standing apparently on unsupported evergreen branches decorated with flags. There were about seventy-live girls, all in white, with their hair blowing loosely in the wind, and sashes of red, white, or blue. They had been so deverly placed that they seemed to be connected parts of one figure rising from the sidewalk on each side of the street. This arch was at Elizabeth avenue and the Cross Bloads, near the middle of the route, and when President Harrison's carriage came along 150 little hands threw bunches of loose roses and pinks and pansles down doon him. There weren't many left when he came out of the shower, bowing and smiling upon the little ones, but what there were went to Vice-President Morton.

Another arch had been passed before this on Broad street, and the third stood at First street, near Fulton. Among the houses that were decorated was one at Jerrey and Catharine streets, that bore this inscription on canvas in a frame of red, white, and blue:

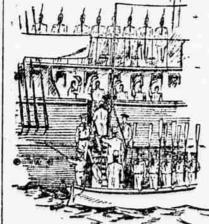
Gev Betcher's re-idence in 1750. Visited by Washington Oct 8, 1778. Gov. Ogden's residence in 1812. Visited by Lafayette in 1821. The Presidential party passed under three siches. One of these was without question the

Opposite was one labelled:

Thomas Boudinot President of the Continental Con-gress, lived here. Washington breakfasted here on his way to the inauguration at New York. The President and Vice-President reached the Aleyone Boat Club house at 10:20, and were at once rowed out to the Despatch, which was anchored 1's miles away, by a crewfrom the Despatch. Gov. Green and his staff went aboard the Meteor.

PRESIDENT HARRISON AT SEA. He Takes Some Quinine Aboard the De

spatch and Enjoys the Trip. The President was to be rowed to the Despatch by a picked crew of the Alcyone Boat Club in their finest barge. The Despatch arrived out in walting from the city at 9% o'clock, and immediately Chairman Asa Bird Gardiner, Capt. Heary Erben, U. S. N., and S. Nichelson Kane, secretary of the Naval Committee, put off in the vessel's steam launch to receive the visitors entitled to board the steamer. Senators Evarts, Hiscock, and Aldrich, members of the Special Centennial Committee, also lett the Despatch for Elizabethport to meet the President. The former returned on the boat to the



THE PRESIDENT BOARDING THE DESPATCH. city, but Senators Hiscock and Aldrich joined the throng on the steamer Sirius.

The train from Elizabeth reached the wharves before the overland procession, but the members of the latter got to the Alcyon landing first, and, as the hour slightly past at which the departure was o be taken. President Harrison and Vice-President Morton were taken as rapidly as possible through the lines of waiting spectators, and, amid a well-nigh deafening outburst of steam whistles and cheers to the launch, and in company with Mr. Gardiner and Capt. Erben, rowed down the stream to the Despatch. Mr. Kane directed the departure of the re-

maining members of the President's party assigned to the Dispatch, Secretaries Windom and Rusk, Postmaster-General Wanamaker. Chief Justice Fuller, Justices Field and Blatchford, and ex-Justice Strong, Mr. Walker Blaine, Col. Barr, U. S. A., Lieut, Mason, U. S. N., Lieut, Judson, the President's per-sonal aids, Mr. O. B. Potter, chairman of the Committee on Transportation, the committee's photographer, and a representative of the Associated Press. The wind had fresh-ened up considerably by this time, and the transfer from the tug to the steamer was made with considerable difficulty, but fortunately with no mishap. That the day passed off with no serious accident, it may be remarked in passing, was a matter of profound gratitude on the part of President Harrison, who expressed his appreciation of the efforts of every one interested to make the occasion the brilliant success it was.

RECEIVED ON THE DESPATCH When the President and Vice-President reached the Despatch, the former was received the gaugway by Mr. Jankson S. Schultz, or behalf of the Committee on Navy, without any remarks further than a salution.

Mr. Schultz introduced the President to the other members of the committee, and the President was then escorted to the main deck by

retary of the Executive Committee, and presented to the several members of the party on

The same routine was carried out in the reception of Vice-President Morton. On the Despatch, besides those named above on its trip to the city, were the members of the Committee on Navy, in whose technical charge the ship was. Gov. David B. Hill, Mayor Hugh J. Grant, Admiral David D. Porter, Gen. John M. Schoffeld, Secretary Tracy and his son Frank, Secretary Proctor, Secretary Noble, Attorney-General Miller, Gen. Sherman, Commodore Ramsey, of the Navy Yard, and James M. Barnum, of the Plan and Scope Committee. PRESIDENT HARRISON TARES QUININE.

num, of the Plan and Scope Committee.

PRESIDENT HARRISON TARKS QUININE.

There was a little delay in getting the Desnatch under way, a part of which President Harrison utilized in securing a dose of quinine as a preventive against possible harm resulting from the existence and the bar. He was not in any way uncomfortable, despite the fact that his overcoat had become shifted at Elizabeth, and his heavy winter garment, which he needed now if ever, was then on its peaceful way to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and buttoned around him was a lighter weight for protection against the mid breezes ion land) of spring and fail.

The President said that the demonstration at Elizabeth had far exceeded his expectations; that it was, in fact, a great surprise to him. He spoke especially of the living arch. At a quarier past it o'clock, amid a cherus of whistlos, the screeching of which seems to be the one way in which a boat's official can express their emotion of joy, and numberless salutes from ordnance of various calibres afloat and ashore, the Despatch began her trip over the same course covered a century ago by the first Freddent of this republic. President Harrison looked at the mighty spectacle from the bridge, and enjoyed it greatly.

A CATROAT STOPS THE PROCESSION.

A CATBOAT STOPS THE PROCESSION

ine mighty spectacle from the brings, and enjoyed it greatly.

A CATBOAT STOPS THE PROCESSION.

There was little on board the Despatch during the hour's run to anchorage off the foot of Wall street that merits special reference. A lunch spread on the second deck aft attracted at one time or another on the way the presence of most of those on board whose appetities were sharpened by the breeze and who did ample justice to the bountiful provision of the committee.

Shortly after the lines had been well formed, as the boats steamed away from Staten Island into the bay, the Despatch almost ran down a small salling vessel that was apparently drifting about with no purpose in view, the sall being lowered. It was a narrow escape for the two men aboard and an annoying incident that disarranged the excellent plans laid for conducting the display to the best advantage, every vessel in line being compelled to stop with the Despatch. President Harrison was apparently much intererested in the success of the boatmen's frantle efforts to escape. He watched them closely as they drifted helplessiy about in the heavy swell and almost went under the keel of the monitor.

When they finally got clear of the procession, the President seemed relieved and turned with removal Interest to the scenes ahead of and the side him. This incident, trilling in itself, and yet with such exasperation and wide-spreading results, brought to the recollection of one of the gentlemen on the Despatch. Henry Ward leecher's remark filustrative of the power of small things to produce great results: "And yet with such exasperation and wide-spreading results, brought to the recollection of one of the gentlemen on the Despatch. Henry Ward leecher's remark filustrative of the power of small things to produce great results: "And yet when know one small hornet to break up a big camp meeting."

Beginning with the Boston, from the peak of which floated the Admiral's lour-stars in ablue field, on in line came the Atlanta, the Yorksex, Yantie Kear-arge, and the Chi

rine and yachts, which had made a terrible din all along the way.

As the President came in front of each one of the boats he responded to the salute by rais-ing his hat, and his steadfast gaze indicated a deep interest in the man cuvres of the men on the yardarms and bowspits. To these from the nterior, and doubtless to many who have lived Jongshore the "manning of the yard-arms" was one of the most notable features of the occasion. Secretary Tracy was congratu-lated on having for his flaghship so fine a ves-sel as the Chicago.

set as the Chicago.

In just an hour after starting in the Kill von Ruil the Despatch dropped anchor and Fresdent Harrison descended from his stand on the bridge, the air meanwhile resounding with the shricks of whistles, cheers of the enthusiastic thousands, and wild college cries from students on boats around.

STUPENDOUS SIGHTS BY WATER.

Nothing Like This Marine Parade was Ever Seen or Described Before.

Daxbreak came in sombre hues to greet the eyes of the seafaring pien down the bay. The sky was obscured everywhere by thin and ragged clouds, save only for a rift low down on the eastern horizon. The edges only of the clouds seemed to drip with rain, for rain fell in thin flows and streaks here and there inter-



THE SUN WAS THERE, The rift in the clouds in the east looked white and cold. The southwest wind was raw. The gray waters of the bay were rumpled. The steam from the exhaust pipes of tugs and terryboats was cut off short at the top of the pipes and sent driving away over the water like fleeces of snow.

As the sunlight struggled up in the east. hardening the shadowy outlines of the shores of the bay, a Sergeant walked down under the valls of the old round stone fort on Governor's Island and worked over the cannon there for a minute, and then stepped back with a warch in one hand and the gun lanyard in the other, walting. A little later he gave the lanyard a smart pull. The cannon flashed and boomed. It was the sun rise gun.

With the flash of the gun the sun appeared over the low hills of Long Island, and then, as if there might have been some magic in the echeing report, a full-arched rainbow, with one foot on Staten Island and the other on the Jersey shore, appeared in the clouds, while flames semed leaping here and there from the cloudy mists of the Jersey shore, where the rays of the sun were reflected from cottage windows. It was a most beautiful but fleeting spectacle. In a few moments the rift in the clouds was closed and all became as sombre as before.

DAYBREAK ON THE PLEET. At this time the fleet of warships lay in a long lline, stretching from the black-hulled Chicago, which lay to the north and east of Bedlow's Island, nearly two miles away to the outh to, where the white-huiled Boston was anchored. They swung to their anchors, bows to the south, under the influence of the tide. with scarce a vestige of life about them so far as people on shore could see. The yards of the ships were square by the lifts and braces, and everything was shipshape, but not so much as a square inch of bunting or anything bright save the brass work could be seen about them. The contrast between them and the garly ecorated merchant ships was striking.

Beginning with the peep of dawn, the pa riotic tug men and the deck hands of the ferryboats had spread flags and burgees to the wind. They were soon followed in this by the watchmen and saflors on the merchant ships at anchor in the bay and at the East River piers. Gradually, a flag here, a heaving line strong with signals there, the display of bunting grew, especially in the Fast River, until at last it seemed as if every ship had been covered over till half out of eight.

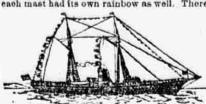
As the morning passed, the fleet of tugs and other steam vessels increased in number. while the usual fleet of tow barges decreased. Then the rain ceased to fall, and crowds of speciators began to throng the water front. The Battery wall and the lower piers were soon covered, as it seemed. Then there was a flocking of a few gayly decorated vessels about the men-of-war, and people who were crossing the river on the ferrybeats in thousands began to crowd to the sides next to the war ships.

THE NAVY WAKES UP. Finally a single blue-shirted sailor man ran at to the end of the Chicago's jibboom and there made fast a line. Another sailor was seen at work on a little spar over her stern. Then men in like places were seen on the other ships All eyes along shore watched the movements of these men attentively. At last they stopped work and stood elect. A ginnee at the great clock on the Produce Exchange showed the

hands just marking the hour of 8. EThe next moment a tongue of fire leaned from a slender gun that pointed from one of the starboard ports of the Chicago. The smoke

hull of the ship, and then drifted back in a thin blue haze across the deck, and then there rose, as if moved by one common impulse above the rail of every warship one great. flut tering mass of hunting. Up and up it swelled. It's myriad colors in vivid contrast with the gloom of the morning, until masts and yards and rigging were covered over and enclosed, as with a cloud of roses. The spectacle was irresistibly beautiful, and from every spot along shore and on the vessels affont where people were congregated to see, there arose cheers and exclamations of delight. Never was at Admiral's order to decorate a fleet carried out more brilliantly. The Brooklyn, with a stream er 300 feet long at the main, was the most conspicuous of all. From that time on the interest in naval manoguvres turned to Elizabethport

THE DESPATCH OFF ON HER MISSION. The Despatch, that was to bring the President from the pier there up to the foot of Wall street, steamed slowly down the har soon after 9 o'clock. Not only was there a rainbow of banting from the end of her bowsprit up over the mastheads and down to the taffrail, but each mast had its own rainbow as well. There



COMMODORE GERRY'S ELECTRA LEADING THE

TACHT PLEET. was a file of spic and span marines on the houseforward, and a group of citizens, suave and bland, on the house aft. Everywhere forward and aft were officers in blue and in gold lace. She was saluted everywhere as she sed down the Kill Von Kull by the groops and knots of people on the green grass along

She finally reached the Newark Bay lighthouse, and there the pilot advised that she proceed no further because of the shoal water. Accordingly her anchor was dropped. Then, in quick succession, the big twelve-cared barge was dropped into the water, the steam launch, and a whale boat. The gangway was got in place, and then the barge was manned by twelve stalwart seamen and a coxswain and immediately headed for the landing at Elizabethport, a mile and a half away, while the marines on the unper deck came to a parade rest, and the citizens, officers, and sea men stood about at their ease.

No seener had she arrived at her anchor

than a small fleet of tugs and launches began to gather around her, including a huge old lighter with a load of patriots from Newark. Then the Sirius came down, followed by a naval tug, but 3 oth went on to the port. It was about 9:45 when she came to anchor. An hour and a quarter later a tremendous blowing of whistles down at Elizabethport gave notice that the President had embarked.

RECEIVING THE PRESIDENT. This set the gentlemen on the Despatch astirring in a quiet way. Pretty soon the officers of the deck saw the flashing oars of the Despatch's barge as she was headed toward the ship away from the landing. Thereupon he faced the bow of the ship and shouted:

"Stand by to man the yards!" The crew, in their cagerness, climbed up four atlines above the rail and stood there. Two or three of the citizens and four of the goldlaced officers gathered in the gangway. A blue roll of bunting was run to the truck of the mainmast.

After a little, when the barge had got well inder the port bow of the Despatch, the officer of the deck shouted again: 'Lay aloft?"

The men scrambled aloft with a will; the marines, standing at parade rest, twisted and turned in all directions, and two bandsome side boys ran down and stood on the iron rods that braced the gangway. The marines were promptly called to attention and brought their auskets to their shoulders smartly. crew and the civilians waited thus the sun burst from behind a great cloud, and came out clear and glorious. Thereupon the Admiral tapped a gray-haired citizen on the back and called attention to the brightening prospect. Then the barge came around under the stern of the ship with a graceful sweep, the bow oars came in together, then the other oars rose as if somehow moved by a machine, two boat hooks grasped the hand rails of the gangway. and in a moment the barge had stopped with President could most conveniently step to the

"Lay out," shoute I the officer of the deck to the men aloft. They stepped quickly to their laces, hand in hand, on yards, and there stood, hats in hand, facing aft. The President stood up and, assisted by Mr. Morton and Secretary Tracy, stopped to the gangway, bat in hand, He was received with outstretched hands by the Admiral, the side boys standing watchful lest be tumble overboard.

UP GOES THE PERSIDENT'S BLUE FLAG A boatswain on the top of the house blew a long shrill blast on his whistle, a bugler played a few bars of "Hail to the Chief." and then, as the President stopped over the rail, the little cylinder of blue bunting at the main mast truck dropped in opening tolds. It was the President's flac.

As the flag unfolded in the breeze, a brass breechloading howitzer backed savagely-the first gun of the President's salute. A few minutes later another bla-t on the boatswain's whistle ordered the anchor up, and then the cluster of steamers about the little war ship made haste to preceed her up the Kill. A MAGNIFICENT BEVIEW.

From the time the Despatch left the bay to descend the kill to her ancherage off Elizabethport, until she once more came in view of the harbor, was something more than two hours. But who shall adequately describe the transformation that had taken place at the face of the Bay in that short time?

When she entered the Kill perhaps fifty steamers of various sorts, from the big white side-wheeler Sirius to a little black launch with an indistinguishable name, were ploughing about. As many, possibly more, sailing yessels, from a great square-rigged ship, capable of carrying 2.500 tons, down to a fishing smack. were lying about at anchor, but they looked almost insignificant beside the war ships with their towering banks of bunting. The scene was animated but not imposing.

By and by the gentlemen on the Dispatch

ounded the curve in the Kill at Brighton, and a little later saw the upper Bay of New York spread out before them. Where were those war ships with their towering banks of bunting? They had disappeared. They had been whelmed, obliterated. From Fort Lafayette in the narrows to Governor's Island, from Bay Itidge to the Goddess of Liberty, was one broad field of waving flags and streamers that covered over the greatest host of ships that over assembled in any harbor for any purpose. To have distinguished any individual in that wonderful aggregation would have been like trying to separate some particularly fine head of wheat from the centre of a Dakota harvest

field. The number of ships was beyond count-

ing. There were more than 1,000 affont. According to the orders previously issued the revenue years is were to have unchoted below the war ships, with the yachts next to them in a single line. Then one division of merchant ships in double column was to anchor along the easterly side of the channel, while another squadron was directed to anchor below the yachts. These orders were obeyed in part; the merchant squadrons, as a rule, took up the positions assigned to them, leaving a broad channel between, but instead of lying in double columns they were in lifes of three and four ing at irregular intervals to the west of the war ships, the revenue cutters, and the yachts

A gun on the tug Nina, down at the mouth of the Kill von Kull, boomed as the Despatch rounded the curve in the Kill, and a thousand seamen, at a word from the officers, leaped on Mesars. Gerry and Bowen, Chairman and Sec- shot in a widening cone far out from the black | the rails and climbed up the rigging to the lazily but proudly on, and never so much as

yards, where they gathered in groups on the bunts of the sails. A few minutes later the Despatch steamed slowly into the channel left for her between the merchant ships away down below Robbins Reef light, where the bell buoy, rocked by the waves, was tolling dolefully. The crowds that covered every steamer deck flocked to the sides next to the little war ship so that not a few people were more than half straid that some of the overloaded vessels would turn completely over. Small vacht can-



THE DESPATCH OFF WALL STREET. non had been placed on some of the steamers, and these began to pop away merrily, while the people with one accord waved hats and handkerchiefs, and cheered until they were hourse.

FALL IN! Then the merchant fleet began to close in behind the advancing Despatch. From both ides they came, forming a great crescent that momentarily grew and spread until it became fan shaped, and so broad that to a speciator

half way up the bay it seemed as if the vessels lapped hulls so that one might travel for a mile from ship to ship across the bay. Then the great pleasure fleet-the trim little steamers of the yachtsmen-was reached. Offcors and crows gathered at the rail and saluted the President's ship by dipping flags and

moving caps, while the yacht cannon added At last the revenue cutter was reached and annon of greater pretence began to boom. At this the men stationed aloft on the spars of the war ships were ordered out on the yards, and a

minute later still the cannon of the whitehulled Boston began their music.

HAD TO WHISTLE. Under the inspiration of the magnificent spectacle and of the swelling sounds, the patriotic pilots of 900 steamers could no longer obey the order to blow no whistles. A few of the more enthusiastic had even before this been tooting to show how exuberantly joyful they were, but now with one accord every man within reach of a whistle cord grasped it and gave a vigorous pull, and the screams and walls and bellowings of a thousand steam whistles mingled in one discordant roar, which rose to its utmost height and then fell, only to rise again and again, so long as the Despatch

was beside the war shins. It died out when

she headed away for the East River, but broke

forth intermittently until she anchored off the foot of Wall street. Under the influence of this wonderful spectacle around them, and harassed by the continual blowing of the whistles, it is likely that the most unique exhibition of patriotism ever seen anywhere escaped the notice of the greater part of the multitudes afloat. To the Ashermen of New Jersey is due the credit of this unique spectacle. In half a dozen parts of the bay were long rows of shad not poles rising from six to twelve feet above the water. out exception every shad pole was decorated with an American flag of appropriate size.

OH, WHAT A JAM IN THE EAST RIVER! As THE SUN had predicted, a fleet of vessels preceded the Despatch to the East River, where the President was to be landed. Steam ers and tugs gathered in a solid phalanx opposite Pier 17, above the slip through which th President was to pass, until nearly a score were abreast, rail to rail. A like phalanx gathered at Pier 16. Above, below, and all around these was a mass of harbor steamers too great to count. It seemed impossible that the Despatch should work her way in through that host to anchorage.

But somehow, no one could see just how it was done, the throng of steamers ahead of her made way and opened a channel, and she was able to reach her berth, a cable's length from the pier, at not far from 12% o'clock. The rattle of the anchor chain as she dropped her hook was lost in the din made by the vessels around her.

Then came the problem of the day: How were these elderly merchant skippers to row the President ashere?

Where the tugs and steamers were in line off he end of each pier there was a channel of the slip; but even this was closed up at inter vals by some tug Captain, anxious for a better berth, working away from those beside him Beyond these two solid lines of steamers there was a restless, roving throng, not one of which remained still for a moment.

The policemen on the pier heads, incited by Sergeants and under the inspiring eye of Inspector Williams, flew at the crews of the tugs next to the pier. As THE SUN foretold, the essels were beyond the power of the police. The turn remained and even Inspector Williams had at last found a throng that he could not handle.

So the crowd of vessels grew denser and the risk of an accident to the President greater.

PANDEMONIUM OF WHISTLES. At precisely 12:47 a commotion on a big ighter at the end of Pier 16's line of steamers attracted attention. A moment later and the little steam launch of the Despatch was seen working its way through the rush of steamers with its pitifully weak whistle blowing petulantly. A handsome gray-haired man with a full gray beard sat in the stern. The mob supposed the man was the President, news spread like wildfire and in a moment pundemonium broke loose. Men who tried to speak to each other screaming at the top of their voices were unable to hear a word. Tens of thousands of people were obliged to stop their ears from very pain. Hundreds pleaded with the pilots to stop, but not until the launch passed into the slip did the noise cease Then the launch reappeared and behold There were the ancient mariners in all their glory going out to row the President ashore in

the Despatch's burge. Pretty soon the barge itself appeared, with more civilians in the stern, one of whom was gray-bearded. True sailors were at the oars but the mob concluded that the ancient mariners had a and ned the project. For five minutes more the whistle reigned supreme.

Then the large came out of the slip again and once more the steam launch started for the pier. It was another water haul for the steam skippers as before, but a host of them were so sure they were right about having seen the President land that perhaps fifty vessels left for the parade up East River. At last a somewhat less obstructed route

than had hitherto been formed by the small boats was opened. The old sailor men, wh had been carried to the Despatch from the pier. got into their barge, the sailors manned the yards, and in a trice the deed was done, and down came the President's flag from the main. THE JOE THOMPSON INTERVENES.

Then sailing holdly into the throng of steamers that pulled and backed to and fro over every fathom of water off the foot of Wall street came the fishing sloop Joe Thompson. There was not a ship's length of clear water abead of her, nor on either side nor behind, but her skipper stood calmly at the tiller smoking his pipe, and now and then calling the attention of one or another of the dozen spectators on her deck to interesting sights about them. The jib alone of the sloop's sails was spread to the breeze, and even its sheet was slacked away so that it drew but gently, and there was a calmness and deliberation about the sloop's movements that fitted well with the bearing of her skipper. It was a most restful spectacle after the note and worry of the landing of the chief of the nation.

How it was done none but a Yankee skipper may tell, but in spite of the apparent impossibility of finding enough room for a yawl in that host of steamers the Joe Thompson sailed

put over a fender or touched her ancient sides against a guard rail of any other vessel.

OFF FOR THE PARADE. By this time the head of the line of steamers that had started up East River on the mer-chant-ship parade had disappeared account the foot of Grand street. The Mary Powell led the way, the Taurus was next, and she was followed by the City of Richmond and the Cay of Springfield. To give a list of the rest of the fleet would take a cotumn. Italf an hour later, although steamers were constantly following the leaders up the East lilver, the crowd off Wall street about the Despatch seemed scarcely diminished. The was being constantly added to by vessels that had remained below in the buy, knowing that they could get nowhere near the Despatch while the President was debarking.

THE SUN'S tug, which had occupied not only the most advantageous pince of any of the fleet for seeing the President leave the ship and go ashore, but a place which was entirely out of the way of the President's barge, name. ly, the end of Pier 17, remained there for over an hour after the landing was over. By that time 124 of the ships parading East liver had passed down on their way around to the North River, although the throng coming up and remaining at the foot of Wall street was apparently as great as ever.

After the Despatch with the President on board had sheered off and left the Chicago to go on her way to Wall street, the war ships, with two exceptions, got their anchors and steamed up the North River to the anchorage off Fifty-ninth street. Following them came the revenue cutters and the sachts. It was a finer though no more glorious spectacle to see them as they moved away than that of the merchant fleet. It was a pity, but 50,000 people affont missed seeing it. There were more than \$60,000 who saw it, however, THE VIEW OF THE SHORES.

The view of the shores as seen from the shipe was only less interesting than the spectacle of the marine pageant. Not a pier, not a house-top, not a patch of ground from which a view of the harbor could be had but was occupied, and hundreds of thousands of men and women and children cheered the fleet that sailed first up the North River. It was a matter of pride among New Yorkers that no yacht affoat was more graceful or attractive than the Electrathe fingship of the New York Yacht Club although her owner, Commodore Gerry, was not

The line of the yacht division, led by the Electra in excellent style, was considerably marred by the divagations of the Unquowa, the next but one to the Electra. She seemed to regard the whole proceeding as a sort of go-asyou-please, and paid no attention to the line generally well kept by the rest of the squadron

The scene in the harbor as the procession of merchant steamers began to round the war ships off West Fifty-ninth street was as astounding as any that had gone before. Incredthie as it may seem, that procession extended down along the piers of the North River, around the Battery, up the westerly side of East River above Twenty-third street, over to the easterly side of the river, and down to Wall street again. From Wall street to Governor's Island there was a host of vessels, probably numbering more than 100. This procession started up the East River at about 1:15. At 4 they were still in line, although many did not cover the entire route.

Doubtless a greater fleet and one more wonderful may celebrate this anniversary 100 years hence, but never has such a fleet as this been gathered before, nor can one manned by more patriotic or enthusiastic seamen and spectators than these ever be gathered together.

LANDED NOT WITHOUT PERIL

The 12 Old Skippers Take the President Safe Through East River Dangers.

At 10 o'clock sharp the twelve old skippers who were to row the President ashore from the Despatch had met at the office of Snow & Burgess, 66 South street, with Coxswain Ambrose Snow in the chair. After a spirited discussion as to what the rule of the road should be after they got ashore, it was finally agreed that they should march up Wall street on the port and starboard sides of the President's carriage in the reverse order from that in rowed in the boat, Coxswain Snow shead of the horses, and Capts, Hilton, Harding, and Allen, who were too old to row, carrying the Marine Society's banner ahead of all. This programme was carried out to the letter.



THE PRESENTENT IN THE PARCE At "eight bells," 12 o'clock, the crew of the President's barge, bearing their banter marched to Pier 16, the throngs on the sidewalks and pier heads cheering them at every step. Every skipper wore a black broad-cloth suit, a silk hat and a dark blue satin badge. bearing the words: Crew of the President's barge, centennial celebration

of Washington's inauguration, 1789-1886 Each also has a medallion bearing the Marite Society motto "Add to Charity, Knowledge,

The Despatch had hardly tautened her cable to the ebb tide when the port steam launch wal lowered and manned. She brought some of the committee ashore, and the assembled mal titude, taking it for granted that the President was in the boat's stern sheets cheered and yelled, and the whistles broke loose again, When the twelve-cared barge, manned by

blue jackets, came ashore soon after with Commodore Gerry and others, they did some more screaming, and so certain were they that the landing of the President had taken place that the steamers Sirius, Assistance, America, and all except the Edward Clark, the America. and the Philadelphia, the latter flying the Amateur Photogrophers' flag, went away. These three boats persistently remained between the Despatch and the shore, ser ously interfering with the landing of the distinguished guests, and endangering their fives. The bow of the Clark struck the steam launch amidships as she was returning to the Despatch with a Lieutonant and five men on board, and almost cansized her. At 12:47 the old Captains boarded the Pe-

spatch's steam launch at the float on the east side of Pier 16, and, after running afoul of the Edward Clark, the America, and Assistance and just escaping the steamer Monmouth's wheel-they succeeded in getting alongside in tell minutes. At 12:55 the twelve-onred barge came ashore with seven more guests, and when she got back at 1:05 the order was given to" man yards," the marines on board the Pespatch ranged in line on the upper deck presented arms over the storboard gangway, and

all was ready for the President's embarkation Here is the order in which the crew of Cartains manned the barge: Passing down the starboard gangway ladder of the Despatch Capt. Ambrose Snow, the coxwain, led the way; then followed Capts. Norton and Urquiart, the bow oarsmen; Capts. Spencer and Dearbort. who pulled the second bow oars, came peril then Capts, S. G. Fairchild and James Parkeri

who pulsed the second low cars, cartering then Capts. S. G. Fairchild and James Parkerings. Behard Luce and John R. Benari Capts. Behard Luce and John R. Benari Capts. Beharmin F. Marshand Steeden which an it apts. W. A. Ellis and G. D. S. Tras.

"Peak cars," came the order room the sale Snow. Up went the flashing bit as a tradedent Harrison, followed by Vice Freedent Morten. As Bird Gardiner and art lient Frien passed down the ganway ladder and took places in the cushioned stem sheets that were evered with flags.

"Shore off," was the next order. Capt. Ga. Norton piled his gift edged brathook and in a moment the orders. "Let fall," and "Greway," came fr. m. Capt. Snow. And gift way they did with a will. If you had be a force, that clean vigarous six is beddig the ash cars would have made you believe the frosty. Now what a chose goes up, and what booming of cannon when the crowless was the old follows are doing gainst that strong East River ide.

There was a broad smile of pleasure, and he old fellows : East River tide,

There was a broad smile of pleasure and satisfaction on the Prosident's face and Mr. Morton's when they lifted their hate is the ladies on the bridge of the scamer (ny of Alexandria as the barge shot in between her and Pler 16.

"In bow!" shouted Corawain Snow. "Was